

GILA VALLEY NEWS

Items of Interest Gathered by the Guardian's Correspondents

THATCHER

W. W. Pace made a business trip to Tucson this week.

Misses Alice and Etholn Cluff and Roy Selene were Sunday visitors.

Maud Brown has gone to Lone Star to live with Mrs. Crandall for a few weeks.

Perry Cluff is having a new kitchen and porch built on the back of his mother's house.

Chas. Paley, who has been working at Globe, came up to spend the 24th with his family.

Mrs. Nellie White, of Globe, is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. Esther Damron.

Hazel Green, Symon Chlarson and Clarence Naylor have gone to the mountains to spend a week.

Miss Nora Allen has gone to Benson to spend a couple of months with her sister, Mrs. John Cosby.

Chas. Farren and Phineas Teeples, of Pima, were speakers at the Thatcher church Sunday afternoon.

Ed Ison came home from Ray the last of the week. He has been working there for several months.

Will Cluff and family came up from Winkelman to spend the 24th and visit for a few days with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Deloss Coon, of Duncan, were visitors at Grandma Barney's home the fore part of the week.

President Kimball is building a house at Camp Inception, where he expects to take his family to spend a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyrum Brinkerhoff and family, of Artesia, spent several days the fore part of the week visiting in town.

H. Udall, of St. Johns, came in on Sunday morning's train to spend a few days visiting friends and take in the celebration.

The pleasant face of Mrs. Maud Callison has been seen behind the dry goods counter of the Big Six for the past week.

Garl and Willard Pace took an automobile trip to St. Johns last week, where they combined business with pleasure.

President Andrew Kimball will leave Monday for Phoenix to attend the meeting of the Arizona Horticultural Commission.

The cantaloupe growers are employing a great many men picking and packing cantaloupes every day. The crop seems to be a great success.

Frank Wightman has moved his family from Globe to Camp Inception to spend a few weeks, while he is making a business visit in the valley.

Misses Vinnie and Christie Knudsen have been spending a few days at home with their mother. They will go to Hayden where they expect to secure work.

The Pioneer program given by the M. I. A. Sunday evening was well attended and much enjoyed. The choice musical numbers proved to be a drawing card.

Albert Nichols and family who have been living in Thatcher for the past two years, left for Oklahoma Sunday morning. They go there to make their home.

Leslie Carpenter, who has been working in Morenci for the past spring and summer, was married Sunday to a Morenci girl. We have not learned the fortunate young lady's name yet.

Mrs. Jack Reay has come up from Winkelman to spend a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Belle Hoopes. She was accompanied by her sister, Mae Hoopes who had been visiting with her several weeks.

Miss Von Robinson entertained a number of her girl friends Tuesday afternoon in honor of her fifteenth birthday. Games and dainty refreshments were enjoyed.

Archie Fuller, who is laid up with a broken leg, was surprised by a number of his young friends Friday evening. They took in refreshments, had a good program, with some interesting stories, and had a jolly good time.

Charles Hendricks and Bud Pace have gone to the mountains this week with loads of new machinery for the Mt. Graham Lumber Co. The company expects to have all their new machinery in operation by the latter part of the week and will do a big business in making and shipping lumber.

While driving through town a few days ago with a pair of colts, George Montierth met with an accident that might have resulted seriously. His colts took fright at a load of hides that stood in front of the butcher shop, and became unmanageable. Mr. Montierth was thrown from the buggy bruising his head quite badly, though not seriously.

CENTRAL

Prof. Heinau was a visitor on the 24th.

R. D. Williams is employed at the Central Cash Store.

John Shirts has been ill at his home the past week.

Miss May Thompson, of Safford, was a visitor on the 24th.

James Smith has become the owner of a new rubber tire buggy.

John Brown went to Graham Saturday to see his wife who is ill.

The Central church has purchased a new organ from H. W. Heinau.

Mrs. J. E. Cluff came in from the Cluff goat ranch to spend the 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johns enjoyed the celebration here on the 24th.

Miss Merle Hawes is here from Globe, visiting with relatives in the valley.

E. H. Saylor, of Pottstown, Pa., is visiting with his cousin, George Bigler.

F. A. Webster returned home Saturday from a business trip to Metcalf.

Miss Katie Adams came up from Globe Saturday to spend a few days in the valley.

Mrs. Martin Echols and family came in from the Echols goat ranch to spend the 24th.

Heber M. Cluff came in last Saturday night from Mexico to visit friends and relatives.

Elmer Kunz left Friday evening for Globe, where he will take a position with Webster & Co.

Mrs. R. D. Williams and children came down from the mountain the latter part of the week.

Ethel Thomas came up from Globe Monday to spend a few days with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith have moved to what is known as the Porter place to make their home.

Louis Norton, Jr., and Manson Shifflet, are recovering from their recent attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. D. W. Cluff, of Central, came up from Winkelman Saturday to spend a few days with her family.

O. F. Webster returned home Sunday morning from Globe, where he went to deliver a car load of mutton.

Pioneers' Day was enjoyed by all with a parade and program in the morning and boxing matches and broncho riding and races of all kinds in the afternoon, and a dance at night.

PIMA

Clarence Davis and wife visited his mother in Safford Sunday.

Grandma Felshaw has been ill the past two weeks with rheumatism.

Thomas Kerby is down from Morenci. He will return this week.

John Cluff came down from the flume camp to attend the celebration.

W. T. Webb returned home this week from a several weeks' visit in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Rebecca Holliday, of Eden, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Webb.

Roy Kelly and wife are down from the dairy for a week's visit, when they will return.

Tom Hundley and wife have returned to Pima. They occupy Andy Carlson's place on Depot street.

Everything and everybody was quiet in Pima on the 24th, as many attended the celebrations at Central and Thatcher.

The skating rink Tuesday evening was crowded to overflowing and the young people had a merry time learning to skate.

Everybody in Pima and vicinity seems to have gone into the cantaloupe business for cantaloupes are all one can see and smell, and it is the only thing talked about.

The Young Ladies' Association met at the home of Mrs. W. T. Webb Tuesday and a very pleasant time was spent, from four until six o'clock. The members of the Junior Class were highly entertained by the Senior members. Nut cake, lemonade and cantaloupes were served. The Y. L. of Pima, are making great improvements in their summer work and Mrs. Webb is a most efficient president and exerts every effort to entertain the members of the association.

Ever know anyone who didn't find more than the ten commandments to break?

PREJUDICE

Curious to state, prejudice keeps us out of more good things than does lack of opportunity.

We often pass by an article of merit because the price is low. The same article at double the price would find us eager to try it. K. C. Baking Powder sells for one-third the price of the Baking Powders controlled by the "Trust."

Yet K. C. is guaranteed the Best Baking Powder at any price.

The ladies of this city who have seen what K. C. Baking Powder will do prefer it to any other. They are only too glad to save their money and get a better article. It's the difference between "Trust" prices and those of fair, honest competition.

A 25 ounce can of K. C. Baking Powder for 25 cents, and your money returned if you don't like it better.

No Match For a Woman

By SADIE OLCOTT

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"Jacques," said the wife of Jacques Chabouille, "I wish you would not be so intimate with Pierre. He has Italian blood in his veins and I don't place faith in those people."

"Pierre is my best friend."

"And you will not be on your guard against him?"

"No. You women take sudden dislikes. Ten to one Pierre has not treated you with that deference or consideration a woman craves from all men."

"He has treated me with the utmost consideration."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, since I must either tell you or leave you to stupidly put yourself in his power I will do so. Know then that before I married you Pierre proposed to me."

"Ah! Well, if a woman loves a man that another woman loves she will to gain her end resort to any trickery to dispossess the other. You are a woman, and you look upon Pierre through a woman's eye. I am not afraid of him."

"This was in 1870, when the Prussians were marching into France. One day a party of French soldiers stepped up to Jacques Chabouille and arrested him. They took him to headquarters, and the general ordered them to search him. In one of his pockets was found a tiny ball no bigger than a pill. It was carefully pulled apart and proved to be tissue paper. On it was written the position and strength of the different French army corps opposing the Prussians."

"That is sufficient," said the general. "Take him out and shoot him."

There was no formality of a trial. Jacques, who was at a loss how to account for the paper being in his pocket, was taken out and was about to suffer death when a volley came from a wood near by. It was fired by a line of Prussian skirmishers, who had arrived just in time to save poor Jacques' life. His French guards took to their heels. Jacques was a true Frenchman, but he would rather live among his country's enemies than die among his country's defenders.

The territory in which Jacques Chabouille lived was from that time till the end of the war occupied by the Prussians, so that he had no cause for fear that he would be shot for a spy. Both he and his wife knew that the paper which had convicted him had been put into his pocket by some one who was anxious to get him out of the way. Mrs. Chabouille suggested that it might be her husband's friend, Pierre Fabri. Jacques was very wrath with her for intimating such a thing.

One evening when Jacques came home he found no supper, nor did he find his wife. There was not even a fire in the stove. Astonished, he went out and inquired of the neighbors if they had seen Mme. Chabouille. After many inquiries he learned that she, in company with Fabri, had been seen going toward the Prussian picket line. Then he began to lament and to curse and to swear, saying that no man could be so sufficiently guarded against the duplicity of women. His wife had been endeavoring to prejudice him against his best friend, and now she had gone off with that friend.

Nothing was seen or heard of Mme. Chabouille or Pierre Fabri, and the deserted husband assumed that to get rid of him or to where he could not get at them to punish them they had gone within the French lines. As the days passed and he heard nothing of them he made up his mind that his wife, in order that he might be shot, thus rendering her a widow and enabling her to marry her lover, had put the paper in his pocket that had so nearly cost him his life. This falling, she had gone off with Pierre.

One evening when he was almost ready to kill himself through grief and anger at the treatment he had received, his wife walked into his home. His first impulse was to order her away. Then it occurred to him that if she had gone away with Fabri she would not have returned. But he had not long to wait for an explanation. She threw a piece of paper on the table. He picked it up and read on it a confession from Fabri that he had put the paper in her husband's pocket and then informed on him. Amazed, he asked her how she had obtained it.

"I told Pierre," she replied. "I had long regretted that I had not married him instead of you. Then I proposed that we go within the French lines and live together where you would not find us. So we went through the Prussian lines. On the way I told Pierre that I knew he had placed the paper in the pocket that was found there, that I forgave him because he did it for love of me and that if his ruse had succeeded we could have been married instead of living together in ill-will. He denied that he had done this, so I refused to go any further with him until he admitted it. He did so, and I had little trouble later in getting that written confession."

"Where is Pierre now? I shall kill him!" exclaimed Chabouille.

"He is dead."

"Yes, I served him as he served me. I put information in his pocket for the Prussians and they informed on him for a spy."

"But! No man can be so big a hypocrite as a woman!"

And he embraced her.

Happiest Girl in Lincoln

A Lincoln, Neb., girl writes, "I had been ailing for some time with chronic constipation and stomach trouble. I began taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and in three days I was able to be up and get better right along. I am the proudest girl in Lincoln to find such a good medicine." For sale by Safford Drug Co. 20-4t

Advertisement in THE GUARDIAN.

"After You, Sir"

By F. TOWNSEND SMITH

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While sauntering leisurely along a thoroughfare, smoking, largely for the purpose of killing time, I was accosted by a gentlemanly, well dressed man who doffed his hat before speaking to me.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but could you spare me a little of your time?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"That is not easy to explain on the street. If you will step inside I will show you rather than tell you."

"Inside where?"

"Right here."

He pointed to an open door, and I could see a staircase. The building seemed to be unused.

There are people who seem to have a power to make other people obey them, not by force, not always by insistence. In this case the man was so gentlemanly in his request that I did not like to refuse him. At any rate, before I realized what I was doing I had gone to the upper floor of an unoccupied building with a person who had accosted me on the street and asked me to go with him, for what purpose he had not explained. This seems to me now absurd on the face of it, and at the time I knew that I should do no such thing, but I couldn't help it.

He took me into a room on the second floor. In its center was what looked to me to be a hot air furnace, only it was neither round nor square, but oblong. He closed the door behind us, and I heard a click. I didn't like it, for it sounded as though it came from a lock that closed automatically. I was about to turn and get out of the place, but my pride held me, and I waited to be informed further as to this strange proceeding. The gentleman led me to a corner of the room called off apparently for an office, where there were chairs, and invited me to be seated.

"Do you see that oven?" he said. "Well, that has cost me a great deal of labor. Perhaps you think it is a crematory, but it is not. It is an oven for baking bread. A hundred loaves can be baked at once and in three minutes. That's 2,000 loaves an hour, and by working day and night three reliefs we have 28,000 loaves a day. Six working days give us 168,000 loaves a week. Fifty-two weeks produce 8,736,000 loaves a year."

"So much for what my oven will do. Now for my object. It is to feed the world. You see, my single oven is not large. Suppose there are ten of them in this building alone. That gives 87,360,000 loaves a year, only about 4,000,000 miles less than the distance of the earth from the sun."

Since I could see no relationship between loaves of bread and the earth's distance from the sun I began to feel a bit uncertain about the gentleman's upper story. So I said to him, rising: "You'll have to excuse me, sir. It is not possible for me to remain any longer."

"But you have not examined my invention. Besides, I told you I wanted you for a purpose."

"What purpose?"

"Come; I will show you."

He led me to the oven. He seemed so harmless that I followed him. He threw open the door, displaying a number of iron shelves. I was somewhat relieved that there was no heat in the oven.

"My arrangement for heat is by chemical process. There are many substances that produce heat in combining chemically. Why should we burn coal? I turn this coal and my substances run together. In a short time I shall have my oven quite hot enough to do my baking."

"I wouldn't turn it on if I were you," I remarked. "Since you have no bread ready for baking."

"I have something else. My desire is to bake a human being."

This was getting warm, as the child dren say when hunting for things in games. And, as the strange gentleman looked at me, indicating that I was the human being he proposed to bake, I felt not only warm, but a cold perspiration stood on me, especially when he drew a long sharp knife with which to enforce his demands. I knew I had to deal with a lunatic and kept my head.

"I shall be happy," I said, "to have you bake me. On which shelf am I to take position?"

"Step in and I will show you."

"After you," I said deferentially, bowing and making my exit.

I stepped into the furnace. I closed the door with a bang, and the big iron latch fell into position. Then the room swam, and I fell on the floor. But I did not remain there long. Fearful that the lunatic might smother, I ran to the door of the room, found it locked and could not open it. I tried a window, and that served a call through. In a few minutes a policeman came up the stairs, broke down the door and let the gentleman baker out. He was nearly suffocated and gave no trouble. He had employed men to build his oven without their having the slightest suspicion as to his sanity. I learned that he was a scientific man and had been an inventive genius as well. On my testimony he was committed to an asylum.

It makes me crawl when I think that by a mere act of politeness I was saved from death.

STRAY HORSES

Constable S. B. Hinton, of Ft. Thomas, writes The Guardian that he is holding two horses which he caught Wednesday. One is a gray saddle horse, branded FM on left shoulder; weight about 850 pounds, age about 12 years. The other one is a brown mare, about two years old, no brand, and weighs about 850 pounds. Owners should communicate with Constable Hinton.

A Shrewd American Girl

By HELOISE BRAYTON

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Miss Christine Atherton, an English girl whose birth had been of ordinary parents, was a guest at the seat of the Duke of Brentnord. Miss Atherton was in love with the duke's oldest son and heir, the Marquis of Hiddleton.

Among the guests at the duke's residence, Slapper Grange, was a Kansas girl, Miss Edith Brown, the daughter of one who if he had been titled would have been called the prince of packers. Miss Brown was expected to inherit a large fortune, and this was the reason for her being at Slapper Grange, for the Brentnords were not overburdened with ready cash, and the marquis was on the lookout for a wealthy American wife.

Now, Miss Brown had no more reverence for a title than for a membership of a sewing society. She was one of the kind to see through a millstone, and it was plain to her that the marquis wanted her for her money, and Miss Atherton wanted the marquis for himself.

"So long as I don't want him myself," mused Miss Brown, "why shouldn't I help this young English girl to get him?"

Now, there was a skeleton in the Brentnord closet. The duke, who was an old man, was a kleptomaniac. He was not allowed when in the city to go into the shops without a footman to follow him and pay for what he stole. When the old gentleman appropriated an article the footman would step up to the clerk behind the counter from which it was taken and say: "Is grace is shopping today? 'Ow much for the 'and mirror' 'e took?"

"I see," the clerk would reply. "That one is three and six."

This would be followed up by other purchases acquired in the same way and duly paid for by the footman. There was nothing upon which the marquis was so sensitive as this mania of his father. He had made every effort to avoid the disgrace, even to an attempt to shut his father up, but as kleptomaniacs are not a form of insanity that warrants confining a person in bedlam the duke maintained his liberty.

One morning Miss Brown remained in her room when the others were down to breakfast and, being alone on the floor, went into Miss Atherton's room, took all the jewelry the poor girl had, carried it to the duke's apartment and slipped it into the pocket of a coat she found hanging in a closet. Then she went downstairs to breakfast.

After the meal Miss Brown kept Miss Atherton under observation so that she might be the first to meet the English girl after the discovery of the loss. Just before luncheon Miss Atherton came out of her room with a terror stricken look on her face. Miss Brown was in the hall.

"My jewels!" exclaimed Miss Atherton.

"What of 'em?" asked Miss Brown, putting a finger on her lip to enjoin caution.

"They're gone."

"Hut! The duke? You know his falling?"

"I've heard of it."

"Don't say a word about it. The marquis would never forgive you."

"Do you really think it best?"

"I do."

"And I must lose the gems?"

"Never mind that; they will come back to you."

That night at dinner Miss Atherton appeared without a particle of jewelry. The marquis noticed it, but made no comment. After dinner he joined Miss Atherton on the terrace. He never noticed the absence of anything belonging to any of his guests without drawing lest his father had purchased it.

"Christine," he said, "why did you leave off your jewels today at dinner?"

"Oh, they're so insignificant," she said, "compared with what the other ladies wear."

"Miss Brown, for instance."

The lady named had that day appeared bedecked with a small fortune in diamonds.

"Hers are very handsome."

"Umph! These Americans don't know when or where to load up with stones."

When on future occasions the marquis noticed that Miss Atherton still refrained from wearing her jewels he wondered. Then one day Miss Brown spoke to him of the omission.

"She doesn't wear them," said the marquis, "because she's ashamed of them."

"Nonsense," replied Miss Brown. "That's not her reason. She has too much kindness in her to hurt her feelings by giving you the true one."

"Good gracious! You don't mean they have been stolen?"

"I do."

"Search your father's pockets."

The marquis made the search and returned the jewels. The incident decided him on marrying for love or money. He proposed to Miss Atherton, much touched that she had preferred to lose her finery to accusing his father.

"As for that American girl," he added, "she had the indelible common among her countrymen. She did not hesitate to remind me that my father is a thief."

Miss Brown left the grange covered with jewels, but when she got in a train she put them in her satchel.

Subscribe for THE GUARDIAN.

The first and last apples of a season are a delusion and a gold brick. Abusive language may have some effect, but it doesn't prove anything.

When a man's business will permit him to take a vacation he generally figures that he can't afford it.

Americans have the world fooled a good deal about the great pace at which people in this land of the free are said to labor.

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